

There was Jimmie with his biarney and
his rank old pipe,
There was Johnny, Tom and Barney of
the same stripe,
There was Bill who tried to rumble in
a deep bass tone
Till the landlord used to grumble and
the gang would groan;
O, the pounds of old Virginia that we
used to burn
(If the habit wasn't "in yuh" why, yuh
had to learn);
What a crew of "fellows royal" in a
feast or row,
Bully boys and truly loyal—
Where's the old gang now?

here was Jimmie with his blarney and
his rank old pipe,
here was Johnny, Tom and Barney of
the dance and the strip,
here was Bill who tried to rumble in
a deep bass tone
ill the landlord used to grumble and
the gang would groan;
the pounds of good Virginia that we
used to burn
if the habit wasn't "in yuh," why, you
had to learn;
What a crew of "fellows royal" in a
feast or row,
fully boys and truly loyal—
Where's the old gang now?

Where's the old gang now?
 He was mighty sweet and rosy in a
 good old way
 When you used to snuggle cosy in the
 big farm sleigh.

and you kept on thinking of her in
that light blue dress
and you wondered—timid lover—if she
might say "Yes!"
her heart was warm and tender and
her lips were sweet,
and her eyes were full of splendor
when you used to meet.
Can't you recollect the glory flooding
face and brow

You told the ancient story—
 Where's the old girl now?
 Well, the old gang's widely scattered,
 Far and near they're whirled
 And the old romance is shattered. It's
 A new and queer world,
 For the old love there's a newer, makes
 Your senses hum,
 As the old gang's getting fewer, why
 The new friends come;
 When the old ones are decaying you can
 Build one anew,
 Where the children can be playing like
 We used to do,
 And the years fly rush and hurry, no
 One knows just how
 To what's the use to worry—

—Berton Braley, in Puck.

Morrow's convenient time
 To finish every task,
 Every season, every clime.
 For this is the motto
 We seem to think that it will stay
 Two weeks, or maybe four.
 We fill it full of words to play
 And keep on adding more.

Tomorrow we are sure to write
 Those letters, half a score,
 To show the folks on home, if it's night,
 And look our scrapbooks o'er,
 Then, and then, and then, and then,
 A book to be returned,
 When windows to be put away,
 A ton of rubbish to be
 There's little John's car to mend
 And Mabel's doll to patch
 An errand for an absent friend,
 Some of the things to do
 Or purposes of work and play
 That fill our lists appear
 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and one fine day
 And then should last a year.
 —Baltimore American.

VIEWS AND VARIETIES

Subbuhe—I simply can't sell my
lace. Rocker—Why not offer it to
the president for a summer capital?
—New York Sun.

Blotbs—The average wife tells her
husband everything she hears. Blotbs—
And a lot she doesn't.—Philadelphia
Record.

"We are soliciting subscriptions to
help strengthen the city bridges." "Id
rather chip in to help strengthen the
all team."—Pittsburg Post.

"I'll bet they're bride and groom."
"What?" "I heard him ask her if
he'd mind if he smoked a cigar."
—Detroit Free Press.

He—So your brother is on the col-

baseball team. "Neal positioned
himself in the crowd. Why? I think
he bats—Boston Transcript.

"Cholly says his Hawaiian trip was
completely spoiled." An eagle howled
in the night sky, portending a label
for his suit case.—Pittsburgh Post.

"You don't know what that's a pic-
ture of, Johnny?" said Mrs. Lapsing in
tone of reproach. "You ought to read
the Bible. It tells you that's the
temple of Dinah at Emphasis."—
Chicago Tribune.

No pearls of orient did I own:
I told him that sure for me.
Just take me to the frigid zones,
Where all the ice is free!—
London Standard.

Fond Mother—Did you see Mr. Wat-
sons show much interest in the id-
eal masters at the art exhibition? Aunt
Thelma—He seemed to take much
interest in the young misses.
—Haverhill Journal.

"Talk about Napoleon! That fellow Vombat is something of a strategist

ly raised six months ago, and his wife hasn't found it out yet."—Washington Herald.

—Chicago Post.

ork Call.
"Why don't you show a little ambition, Slithers?" asked Binks. "Go in and make a reputation for yourself. What's the use?" said Slithers. "I'd no sooner make it than these old ladies on the piazza here would tear it all to pieces."—Harper's Weekly.

MUCH IN LITTLE

Nearly every sugar plantation on the island of Hawaii will run above the crop estimate this year.

Railway construction is advancing rapidly in China and Manchuria. New lines are being built by the Chinese without aid in any form.

In New York during the first three months of the present year 434 persons were arrested for spitting in public places.

Each of the 7,108,504 persons supplied with water by the New York water board during the last financial year used 31.8 gallons a day.

The per capita annual production of lumber in this country is now approxi-

ately 500 board feet, and was probably a little greater in 1907.

It is proposed to pass a law in France providing that private flying machines may be requisitioned by the government in case of war.

The lowest bidders for the amended Carnegie library building plans for Honolulu were the Lord-Young Engineering company at \$30,000, concrete to be used instead of lava stone.

Attacking the air at the center instead of at the ends of the blade, a new aeroplane propeller invented in France is said to require less power to turn, and give result than the old style propeller.